The American Fleet Around the World.

This is the song of a thousand men who are
are multiplied be twelve,
Sorted and sifted, tested and tried, and
muscle to dig and delve.
They come from the hum of city and shop,
they come from the farm and the field,
And they plow the acres of oceam now, but
tell me, what is their yield?

This is the song of the sixteen ships to
buffet the battle and gale,
And in every one we have thrown away a
Harvard or a Yale.
BeHold here the powers of Pittsburg, the
mills of Lowell and Lynn,
And the furnaces roar and the boilers seethe,
but tell me, what do they spin?

This is the song of the longllong miles
from Hampton to the Horn,
From the Horn away to the western bay
whence our guns are proudly borne.
A flying fleet and a host of hands to carry
these rounds of shot!
And behold theyhave girdled the glove by half,
and what is the gain they have brought?

This is the song of the wasters, aye defenders
if you please,
Defenders againsn our fellows, with their w
wasters, even as these,
For we stumble still at the lesson taught
since ever the years were young,
That the chief defense of a nation is to
guard its own hands and tongue.

This is the song of our siming (for the
fault is not theirs but ours),
That we chain these slaves to our galley-ships
as the symbol of our powens;
That we clap applause, that we cry hurrahs,
that we vent our unthinking breath,
For oh, we are proud that we flaunt this flesh
in the markets of dismal death.

Edmund Vance Cook.

1890-98 — 5 million annually

1902-10 — 185 million annually